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NEL LAWLEY.

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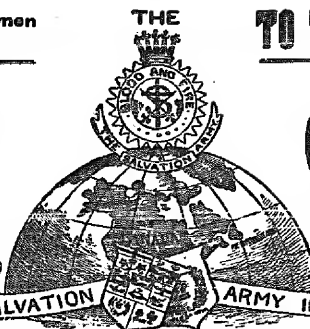
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TO ALL: God "now commandeth all men everywhere to repent."

THE

TO THE SAINT: "Be ye HOLY, for I am holy."

WAR



CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. XII. No. 1. [General of the N. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, OCT. 5, 1895. [Our ministers for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

## NEWFOUNDLAND,

The Most Eastern Province of Our Territory, is Engaged in a Very Earnest and Energetic Six Months' Campaign. The P. S. has Set His Goal, Amongst Other Things, at 1,200 Souls, 500 More Soldiers, Increases in Cartridge Money, Increases in War Cry, Advancement of the Fisherman's League, and the Junior Work.

### BRAVO, NEWFOUNDLAND!

God Bless the Tight Little Island.



THE CREW OF THE SCHOONER "SALVATIONIST." Cadet S. Banter; Lieut. M. Barry; Lieut. S. Bishop, 1st mate; Captain William Parsons, skipper; Cadet T. Sparks. After her return from the shores of Labrador, the "Salvationist" will visit most of the corps around the Island.

### LOST IN SIGHT OF LAND.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—Four men had PUT OUT TO SEA on a shooting boat. Not long after it began to blow hard, and the sea commenced to rage and foam furiously. Soon the little boat with its sails was being tossed to the utmost. Unable to brave the force of the wind and maddened sea, she

Run Her Bow Under Water, capsized, and turned bottom up, throwing the men into the angry sea, at the mercy of the furious tempest. The men succeeded two or three times in climbing on to her keel, only to be swept off by the rolling billows. Three of them, fatigued and overcome, soon sank and perished. While

the third man was being swept off for the last time he was heard to say by the one who survived, "OH, IT IS NOW WE NEED SALVATION."

WHEN CONSCIENCE BEGINS to smite, and the pangs of eternal death have seized hold, it is too late to cry for mercy. And that sinking man only got right a few nights before as he sat in the Army hall under the influence of red-hot truth, he would have been able to say, "Oh, it's now SALVATION STANDS AHEAD."

More awful still, it was said that TWO OF THE THREE drowned were backsliders from the Army. Shiver, backsliders, wake up to the fact that opportunities and chances of securing salvation are passing away one after another, and the last one will come. ENSIGN PAYNE.



MAJOR SHARP AND HIS STAFF.

The "Banks" of Newfoundland, stretching along the western and southern coasts of the Island, are extensive submarine elevations, 600 or 700 miles long, and of various widths.

Fogs are found chiefly along the shores.

The coast line is pierced by many fine harbours and bays. Mossy marshes, rocky ridges, with rivers and lakes, re-appear along the coast.

Winter sets in about the beginning of December and lasts till the middle of April, snow sometimes lying during this time, but the frost rarely penetrates deeper than a few inches beneath the soil.

Newfoundland stands high among the copper-producing countries of the world. The mines are all situated round the shores of Notre Dame Bay.



THE ST. JOHN SLUM BRIGADE, under command of Captain York, of the Rescue Home, assisted by Mrs. Major Sharp, and a couple of Cadets from the Training Garrison. These are representatives of some fourteen, including sergeants and soldiers, com-

missioned by Mrs. Major Sharp to visit the poorer parts of the city; lead the sick, and with broom and brush create comparative paradise out of chaos and confusion, and finally approach the question of our hearts—the souls' salvation.

## Last Winter's Fearful Pinch.

THE GREAT FINANCIAL PANIC touched every place, from St. John to every little harbor around the coast, with only a few settlers. Around the eastern and northern coast the toilers of the deep caught one-fifth of a summer's catch. Some were unable to buy even flour or tea for the winter. Many could not procure their winter's stock, for the merchants could not allow them credit. Some of our officers wrote that their officers stood nightly to their side "HUNGERING." And the officers could not be much better, for they live with the people. They never complained.

Two officers, after much questioning, confessed they could not sleep at night for cold; they had not a blanket upon their bed, and could not keep warm night or day. The Major's first business was to express them a pair by the next mail. They were so over-joyed they laughed and cried by turns. The Captain declared when they went to bed they could not sleep for comfort. This is only one instance.

Yet amidst it all there was not one bit of difference in zeal in the month long. Crowds were larger, and numbers of souls were saved.

The total area of Newfoundland is about 42,000 square miles.

In shape it has something the form of an equilateral triangle. It is traversed by ranges of low hills, with here and there a sharply peaked summit rising abruptly.

An immense number of ponds and lakes cover the surface, occupying nearly a third of the island.

The chief seats of the herring fishery are Port au Port, George's Bay, Bay of Islands, Bona Bay, and the whole coast of the Labrador.

St. John harbor is very safe. Vessels may ride any gale inside the heads. The Narrows is defended by several batteries.

An infidel of fifteen years' standing has lately got saved at British Guiana. A saved chemist and his son (who is cashier at a big city firm) have just donned the uniform, which is selling quicker than headquarters can send it across.



THE WAR CRY BRIGADE. A special effort to bombard the city of St. John, substituting pure literature in the place of useless trash, especially



THE CHIEF of Staff has agreed to the opening of a new Hotel Metropole in Brussels.

The Japanese party have arrived at their destination.

The young Czar of Russia is not going to be let alone. A plot for his destruction has been discovered and the usual dispatch to Siberia has followed the discovery.

Major Joffile has a revolver in his desk, given him at the penitentiary, by a man who had it ready loaded to blow out his brains but came and got saved instead.

Lieut. Spauldon (who was stabbed in Italy), is progressing as well as can be expected, though terribly weak from loss of blood. He was moved a little the other day for his bed to be made.

The alterations of Malmo Shelter are nearly completed. A Turkish bath is being fitted up, new beds have been added, and the town council will probably grant 2,000 kroners towards the expenses.

A Finnish Lieutenant at Tavasthus has been fined 150 marks for pushing against a policeman, who tried to prevent him entering the Salvation Army quarters. A meeting at the barracks (attached to quarters) which was to have been led by Brigadier Haartmann, had just been prohibited by the authorities.

The anarchist is still on the war-path. A policeman arrested one just as he was in the act of lighting a bomb in Rothschild's bank. The information of these fanatics can only be counteracted by the universal practice of the Sermon on the Mount, beginning with those who claim to be disciples of Christ.

The mother of our last-accepted Italian Cadet is a pious Roman Catholic, and has been all the way from Turin to Naples to pray the Madonna of Pompeii for the re-conversion of her son. The Madonna did not prevent thieves from breaking into her house whilst she was away and taking some objects of small value.



THE HARBOR BRIGADE, formed for the purpose of visiting the vessels lying in the harbor. Complete, the party numbers seven. In charge of Sergt. Stephens, Sergeant Stone,

and Auxiliary-Sergeant Martin. With War Cry and salvation's story they board the schooners, with personal song dealing if not conduct meetings.

## FROM THE QUEEN CITY

To the World's Metropolis.

BY MAJOR READ.

(Continued.)

We are just opposite the banks of Newfoundland, and it is consequently cold. Passengers are going for their rugs and top-coats.

From the chart fastened in the companion way I gather the fact that "our" ship yesterday our vessel has run 440 miles, making a total since leaving Sandy Hook of 831 miles, not so great a distance as one might expect, but the slow speed is on account of the strong north-east wind still blowing.

Still sea-sickness is foreign to me, and still I stick to the table each meal time. I should have told readers that we have on board a married couple. They are Adventists going to South America with their son, who is quite a big boy. To-day a printed list of the ship's passengers was passed round. I shall keep it as a souvenir of the voyage. After dinner to-day I repaired to my stateroom, and had not been there many minutes before my fitful slumbers were broken by loud, strange words. My beery companion was saying, "No blessed water here, confound it!" This is the man who thought it blasphemous to say one was saved, but a little salvation would have enabled him to keep cool when the water supply ran low and not to "confound it" so much! Here was a sorry lack of consistency. Quads were played on deck to-day. Although the "New York" rolls somewhat, yet she has never shipped a drop of water since we left. We are now passing "the Banks." As I write, about 8 p.m., most of the second cabin passengers are gathering into the dining-room to hear to come some music. "Birds of a feather flock together." I am enjoying sweet communion with God in my cabin, and penning these lines for the dear old Canadian Cry. Good-night!

August 21.—Last night our stately vessel rolled and rocked in such a manner that I found it rather difficult to sleep. However, I managed to get a few good solid hours, and when I awoke this morning I found by a glance at the look-alikes that my face resembled a pumpkin, so swelled, and ere I reach Southampton the peeling process will have begun. Oh, how the skin itches! The poor Scotchman has a face resembling a bit of beef. The united action of sun

and wind is responsible for all this. I hopped down into the stateroom this morning. There I met two young fellows from Christchurch, in the vicinity of my parents' birth-place. Ogg was their name. For years they had lived at Duluth, and were now on their way home to see their dying father. Neither of them were saved, although for years they had attended Sunday school, my own uncle's eldest son having been their teacher.

(To be continued.)

## Famous Songs.

"ROCK OF AGES."

THIS HYMN by degrees became dissociated from ITS AUTHOR, TOP-LADY. It spread heavenly wings. One hears the song caught up by many voices, and does not know who first uttered it.

In the fourteenth century it is said that all Europe was carolling the songs of an unknown singer, and when he was found he was a leper, who carried a little bell to warn people of his approach, and went muffled for very leanness about the public street.

When Toplady was near his death the physician perceived him to be much improved, and spoke encouragingly of his prospects. But the wiser patient replied, "No, no; I shall die, for no mortal could endure such manifestations of God's glory as I have and live."

The next day he expired while singing one of his own hymns.

It was to this "Rock of Ages" also, that THE BELOVED PRINCE CONSORT, Albert of England, turned, repeating it constantly on his death-bed. "For," said he, "if in this hour I had only my worldly honors and dignities, I should indeed be poor."

In 1776 it was inserted in the "Gospel Magazine," with the title:

"A living and dying PRAYER for the HOLIEST BELIEVER in the world."

SPRINGEON says: "A glimpse at the thorn-crowned head and pierced hands and feet is a sure cure for 'modern doubt' and all its vagaries. Get into the 'Rock of Ages' chest for you and your will ABHOR THE QUICK SAND."

PROVIN

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## PROVINCIAL NOTES

### FROM "The Sea-Girl Isle."

MAJOR SHARP.

WELCOME, yes, ten thousand welcomes to our beloved leader. Night glad were we to receive a wire stating that the Commandant would arrive at St. John's on the 10th of October and remain with us till the 10th. Hallelujah! What a rare treat this is for us in the city.

WHILE REJOICING in the hopes of having the Commandant with us for six days in the city, yet we feel indeed sorry that he could not spare the time to go round to the outposts, as at first proposed.

A BIG RECEPTION awaits the Commandant when he lands at the wharf. Some of our cold, half-hearted ones, but a proper, warm, loving, blood-and-fire welcome. Our hearts are open to receive him, and drink in every word that he utters. We believe that we shall get inspired by his very presence in our midst, helped and cheered by his loving counsel and sound masterly advice.

YES, 'TIS TRUE that the very thoughts of his coming to visit us encourages us to go forward to win fresh victories. Haste, happy day, when we shall clasp his hand, look into his face, and give him a royal welcome to the Sea-Girl Isle. Surry indeed are we that Mrs. Booth is unable to accompany the Commandant, nevertheless we will not forget her at the Throne of Grace, and pray for God to bless and give her special strength to hold the reins in the absence of the Commandant.

SOLDIERS AND FRIENDS are getting all excited over his visit already, prayers are going up daily to the Throne that God will bring our leader to us in safety, filled with the Holy Ghost, so that a glorious revival shall be started, which will spread till it sweeps the whole island to the feet of Jesus.

AS 'T IS not every day that we have our leader in our midst, we are determined to make the most of this one, and get all from him that he is able to give.

OFFICERS' and Soldiers' Councils, anti-saving and social reform meetings, are the order of the day. Also an all-night of prayer.

NOW, seeing that the Commandant cannot spare the time to visit the outposts and harbors, we must do the next best thing, so that every officer and soldier will have the privilege of seeing and hearing General Booth's youngest son, our beloved leader, therefore we have arranged with every soldier and friend who has a craft to arrange to come into the city during the week that the Commandant is here, and bring as many with them as can arrange to come, for we are sure that they will receive much blessing in attending the meetings. Of course there will be an anniversary banquet, at which the Commandant, officers, soldiers and friends of the great H. A. will be invited to attend. I am sure you ought to come.

EVERY OFFICER is expected to be present, and also a representative from every corps on the island.

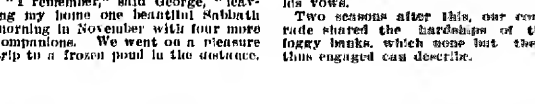
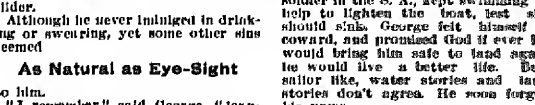
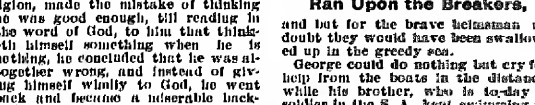
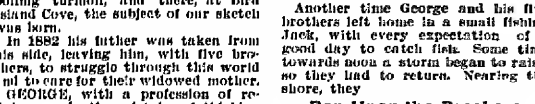
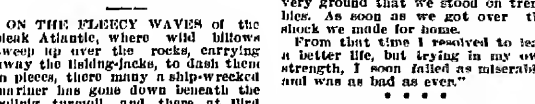
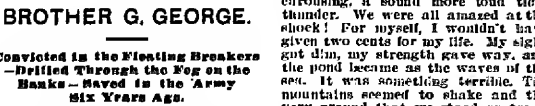
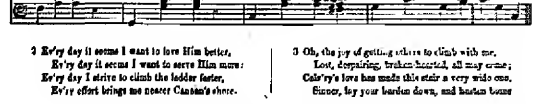
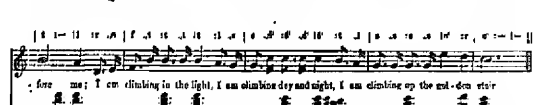
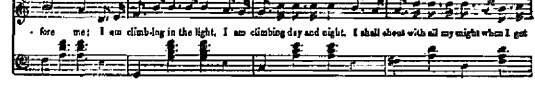
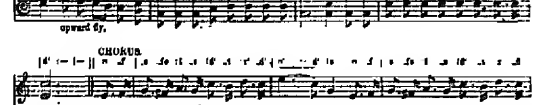
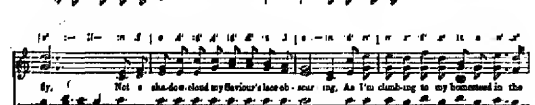
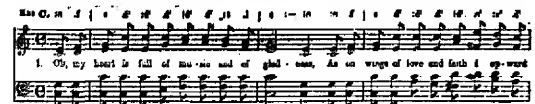
OLD PELLIAM—We marched out at our outpost, GRAND COVE, Sunday afternoon. It was the Army's first time ever marching out there. Grand time. We held a short open-air meeting, large crowd of people present. Then we marched to the Temperance Hall. Good good time, building packed. Then at our night's meeting was the crowning time, when six precious souls found Christ.—Capt. Rynsburg.

## CLIMBING UP THE GOLDEN STAIR.

One of the Army's Latest Songs, Sung by Ensign Attwell at the 13th Anniversary Meetings.

Words by CONSUL BOOTH-TUCKER.

Music by COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER.



In 1887 the Salvation Army boarded the place. At first sight our comrade began to think that after all God had opened up a way for him to succeed where he had failed so many times. Over six years now have found him a soldier. He was married to a soldier under the Army flag. LIETT. THOMPSON.

### MAJOR SHARP AND HIS STAFF.

(See cut on front page.)

ENSIGN FREEMAN, one of the oldest officers in the Island. Probably one-half of the barracks he has assisted to build. Our comrade has a deep and sincere sympathy in the loss of his wife and little babe.

ENSIGN RENNIE, a Scotch lassie well known in the Dominion, especially in the Northwest Province.

ENSIGN PAYNE. Once a divinity student, still a preacher of salvation. His name is familiar also through his writings.

ENSIGN GOODY and Mrs. Goody. The Ensign has had a long stay in the Northern District of Newfoundland. His eyes have been severely affected by the intense whiteness of the snow.

ENSIGN CREIGHTON, is by birth a Scotchman. He was with Major Sharp during his stay in Kingston.

### Southern District Notes, NEWFOUNDLAND.

SKIRMISHING WITH THE ENEMY here of late. That means fight with all the might. The devil seemed to sweep down upon us like a hurricane; but we rallied our forces, for we saw the contest was going to be fierce and deadly. We had some heavy firing and severe blows, which resulted in losses on both sides. Nevertheless, although desperately set on, oh, no, we were not killed, just bruised and pounded a bit! We meant fight and a cry of "No surrender" resulted in the capture of a few prisoners. The shout of our conquering King is still in our midst. The Grand Bank comrades are sticking to their post and fighting on. Sergt. Major Patten and Sergt. Courtney, with other skippers, find and prove that attention stands them good.

### On the Banks at Sea.

They can feel calm and repose when the sails are being rent by the howling, furious storm, when it looks like disaster.

Skipper Evans gave me a passage by his schooner from Grand Bank to Lunenburg. We left at 3 a.m., and reached the Quarters after 6 p.m. We were right glad to strike terra firma again, as the three Salvation passengers of us were sea-sick.

Tears were shed as Cadet Hardy farewelled for Canada. God go with you, Cadet. She was right away succeeded by Lieut. Rose, who received a hearty welcome from the Lunenburg comrades. No doubt the Captain was pleased, as she anticipated a single-handed fight for a time. It fairly poured down rain Sunday morning. God turned Heaven's light on in the holiness meeting. Good crowd at night. A walk of seven miles and a ride on horse-back of fourteen more brought us to GARNISH. Lieutenant Green's horse seemed determined to dismount him, and to do this had a run off the road a few times and began to tear up the earth, but so times were broken. Captain Moulton got such a shaking up he was unable to come to the meeting. It would have been easier to have worked at the H. F. We had a fine, lively time here, and one soul professed salvation. These comrades are alive and fighting on. The dedication of Sister White's baby to the Lord was solemn and impressive. Also the dedication of Sister Bonfield's baby meant an increase in the Junior force. On our return to Grand Bank a head wind meant that we had to use the oars. Then the wind arose, and it looked kind of suspicious when the sea water began to dash in upon us in the open part. The night was so sticky and very pleasant to the flesh. But with Christ in the vessel we could make at the storm.

ENSIGN PAYNE.

## Songs. AGES."

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## A Convert of Bird Island Cove.

BROTHER G. GEORGE.

Convicted in the Floating Breakers  
—Dried Through the Fog on the  
Banks—Saved in the Army  
Six Years Ago.

ON THE MERCY WAVES of the bleak Atlantic, where wild billows sweep up over the rocks, carrying away the fishing-jacks, to dash them in pieces, there many a ship-wrecked mariner has gone down beneath the boiling turmoil, and there, at Bird Island Cove, the subject of our sketch was born.

In 1882 his father was taken from his side, leaving him, with five brothers, to struggle through this world and to care for their widowed mother. GEORGE, with a profession of religion, made the mistake of thinking he was good enough, till reading in the word of God, to him that thinketh himself something when he is nothing, he concluded that he was altogether wrong, and instead of giving himself wholly to God, he went back and became a miserable weak-sider.

Although he never indulged in drinking or swearing, yet some other sins seemed

### As Natural as Eye-Sight

to him. "I remember," said George, "leaving my home one beautiful Sabbath morning in November with four more companions. We went on a pleasure trip to a frozen pond in the distance.

Soon we reached our destination, delighted to see the ice so smooth, but it almost makes me shudder to-day when I think of the strange noise that burst over our heads in the midst of our skating, dandling, and courting, a sound more loud than thunder. We were all amazed at the shock! For myself, I wouldn't have given two cents for my life. My sight got dim, my strength gave way, and the pond became as the waves of the sea. It was something terrible. The mountains seemed to shake and the very ground that we stood on trembled. As soon as we got over the shock we made for home.

From that time I resolved to lead a better life, but trying in my own strength, I soon failed as miserably, and was as bad as ever."

Another time George and his five brothers left home in a small fishing junk, with every expectation of a good day to catch fish. Some time towards noon a storm began to raise, so they had to return. Nearing the shore, they

### Ran Upon the Breakers,

and but for the brave helmsman no doubt they would have been swallowed up in the greedy sea.

George could do nothing but cry for help from the boats in the distance, while his brother, who is to-day a soldier in the S. A., kept swimming to help to lighten the boat, lest she should sink. George felt himself a coward, and promised God if ever he would bring him safe to land again he would live a better life. But, sailor like, water stories and land stories don't agree. He soon forgot his vow.

Two seasons after this, our comrade shared the hardships of the foggy banks, which none but those thus engaged can describe.

## THE WINDSOR, N. S., PROSECUTION.

### FULL PARTICULARS.

Shameful Conduct of the Authorities—Prisoner  
Watson Incarcerated in Windsor Jail—The  
Pub Is Indignant.

Windsor, N.S., Sept. 18, 1895.  
Special to the War Cry.  
CAPTAIN KENWAY, CANDIDATE  
MORRISON, SERGEANT BROTHERS,  
and myself were arrested while hold-  
ing an open-air meeting last evening  
and lodged in jail all night. We were  
brought before the St. Paul's Singers  
this morning, charged with vio-  
lating the following by-law of the  
town, which reads:

"No person shall ring a bell, beat  
a drum, blow a horn or trumpet,  
clang a cymbal or triangle, or play  
on any musical instrument, sing or  
make any unusual noise on the streets  
of the town to the annoyance or dis-  
turbance of any inhabitants of the  
town, etc."

After hearing the cases, it was of  
course clearly proven that under this  
by-law we were guilty. The only per-  
son the prosecution brought forward  
who had been annoyed was Councillor  
O'Brien, who has the reputation of  
being a strong anti-supporter. We  
were fined \$2 and costs each, or five  
days in the common jail. We of  
course refused to pay the fine, and  
were given till the day following to  
pay, when warrants would be issued  
for our arrest. The court room was  
crowded. Many were unable to ob-  
tain admission. Among those present  
were some of the most prominent and  
influential citizens of the town and  
friends of the Army. Among the num-  
ber were Judge De Wolfe, T. H. Smith,  
ex-M. P., Manager Tobin, Mr. Dukin,

### Particulars of the Affair.

WINDSOR is a remarkably pretty,  
historic, old town, which rightly  
boasts of the oldest college in North  
America. The Army has from its in-  
ception been most kindly treated by the  
townspeople. It is also a Scotch Ac-  
t town, but as the boys said about his  
father's religion, "It has not worked  
much at it." Until recently rum shops  
have existed under the eye and to  
the knowledge of the authorities.  
Drunkness was rife, especially on  
Sundays. We have had young men  
fall off the seats in the barracks on a  
Sunday afternoon, drunk, after com-  
ing from a rum shop near by. To see  
these young men going to bed with  
destruction on, has stirred our inmost  
souls, and we have repeatedly spoken  
of this miserable state of affairs in  
the great open-air meetings. This, of  
course, aroused the devil and the  
rummellers and rum appetizers. The  
first intimation of the enemy's ac-  
tivities commenced with the police order-  
ing us off the old open-air battle  
ground (on which the Army has held  
their meetings for over nine years),  
on the complaint of the blocking of  
the streets, owing to the large crowds  
on Saturday nights especially. This  
we complied with on Saturday nights,  
until sickness being in the vicinity  
we returned to the old stand. The  
police, acting under instructions from  
the Mayor, again ordered us back. I  
told him there was sickness in the  
other corner, but he laughingly shook  
his fist in my face and threatened  
to arrest me in the presence of the  
crowd. On two occasions directly  
afterwards, when we only stopped to  
make an announcement, we were  
again laughingly ordered to move on  
or be arrested. The climax, however,  
was reached on Tuesday evening last,  
when on arriving at the open-air we  
formed our ring on the broadest part  
of the street, allowing sufficient room  
for all traffic. Suddenly and we were  
fenced the ring when I was arrested by  
the police and marched off in the  
back-up. The excitement was intense.  
Shouts, yells of indignation, and cries  
of "Shame!" burst from the crowd  
of quiet on-lookers, while the soldiers

Followed, Singing to the Hall,  
all willing to go if arrested.

THE CROWD wonderfully increased



Capt. Perry. Lieut. Nowell. Cadet Forsythe. Mr. Weddleton. Capt. Hall. Cadet McQuarrie. Cadet Fanning. Capt. Fanning.

as we marched to jail. Arriving  
there, Councillor O'Brien, chairman of  
the Police Committee, was there to  
welcome the prisoners. When the jail  
door clanged on me, the Captain, Mrs.  
Watson, and comrades, marched down  
to the same place to continue the  
meeting. Mrs. Watson here took  
charge of meeting, was praying, when  
Councillor O'Brien arrived on the  
scene. Stepping into the ring in a  
highly excited state, he attempt-  
ed to break up the meeting, shook  
Captain Kenway, and handed him  
over to the police for arrest. Then  
turning his attention to Mrs. Watson,  
who was still praying, he seized her  
arm, and shook and pushed her, say-  
ing, "If you were only a nun!" The  
drummers were next arrested and  
marched off to jail, where I welcomed  
them heartily. The women continued  
their meeting, however, and returned  
to the barracks for a meeting, which  
was picked to the door, it being now  
the last night of the 11. Festival.

### A Night in Jail.

The boys were overjoyed that  
they had the honor of spending a  
night in the cells for Jesus' sake.  
Frank Brothers told the police he had  
often been drunk, lying around the  
streets, before his conversion, and he  
never arrested him then, but now he  
is saved and sober, he is arrested and  
jailed for following Jesus. While  
singing and praying we felt the power  
and presence of God in our souls, feel-  
ing sure that Christ and His cause  
would finally prevail. We found a lit-  
tle dirty straw in the floor of the  
cell, which was put in one corner.  
Some blankets were thrown in to us,  
which had evidently been disinfected,  
but the cure seemed worse than the  
disease, for they nearly made us sick  
with the smell. However, we did find  
down in the dirty cell with happy  
hearts, and slept as best we could,  
for we were so cold and there was  
no fire, but at last morning dawned.

### Breakfast and Prayers in the Cells.

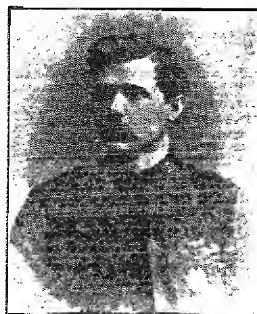
At about 7:30 we breakfasted on  
porridge, molasses, tea and bread.  
After breakfast we read about the  
persecution of the apostles and their  
sufferings, then knelt, and sang, and  
prayed. While we were praying the  
outer cell door opened and the jailer  
walked in. Standing at the door of  
the cell in a rage, he heard the follow-  
ing language: "Well, but you are the  
biggest d— d— fool I ever saw in  
my life," and with that he seized me  
by the shoulders and dragged me off  
my knees (while praying) outside the  
cell, and threatened to lock me in a  
dark cell by myself. I replied I  
thought we could surely have morn-  
ing prayers in a public jail, but ac-  
cording to Mr. Smith it seems prob-  
able that Paul and Silas, when locked in a  
Roman prison 1800 years ago, prayed  
and sang praises at midnight, but we,  
in a Christian town, were assaulted

for praying and singing at 8 o'clock  
in the morning. Praise God for sal-  
vation.

At the time of writing we are ex-  
pecting every minute being arrested  
to serve our five days out.

THE TOWN IS THOROUGHLY  
AROUSSED IN INDIGNATION at what  
they term a scandalous proceeding on  
the part of the authorities, for Wind-  
sor has always been so friendly, and  
this has come as a hurricane on them.  
Councillor O'Brien, who seems to be  
the prime mover of the prosecution,  
was hissed at by the on-lookers for  
his disgraceful assault on Mrs.  
Watson, and many are the strong ex-  
pressions. We hear that had they  
attempted to arrest the faithful wo-  
men there would surely have been a  
riot. As it was, I understand it was  
on the balance, so strong was the feel-  
ing of the crowd.

We sincerely trust that we shall be  
allowed to continue our work in peace,  
reasoning of righteousness, temper-  
ance and judgment to come, and that  
many souls may be saved. We ex-  
pect a tremendous crowd in the open-  
air to-night, for we are going to con-  
tinue the meetings until we are all  
jailed. Pray that God will be glor-  
ified, and that rum and the devil may  
be defeated.



Young, in the light,  
J. WATSON, ENSIGN.

Another despatch has been received  
from Ensign Watson, headed, "In  
jail," dated September 20th, which  
we are unable to insert this week for  
lack of space.—Ed.

Shining makes you leave off pray-  
ing, and praying makes you leave off  
shining.

If God's mercies are not loadstones  
they will be millstones; if they do  
not draw us to God and His salva-  
tion, they will sink us under a load  
of condemnation.—C. Spurgeon.

## "CURSES GOD, DESPISES HEAVEN."

### Col. Robt. Ingersoll's Terrible Arraignment of Alcohol.

The following wonderful piece of  
word painting has been frequently  
published, but it is so good as to be  
worth many repetitions. Colonel Rob-  
ert G. Ingersoll, in addressing a jury  
in a case which involved the man-  
ufacture of alcohol, made the follow-  
ing terrible arraignment of the demon:  
"I do not wonder that every  
thoughtful man is prejudiced against  
this damned stuff called alcohol. In-  
temperance cuts down youth in its  
vigor, maimed in its strength, old  
age in its weakness. It breaks the  
father's heart, bereaves the dozing  
mother, extinguishes natural affec-  
tion, craves conjugal love, riots out  
filial attachment, blights parental  
hope, brings down mourning age in  
sorrow to the grave. It produces  
weakness, not strength; sickness, not  
health; death, not life. It makes  
wives widows, children orphans, fathers  
and beggars. It feeds rheumatism,  
arthritis, cholera, imports pestilence and  
embrases consumption. It covers the  
land with idleness, misery and crime.  
It fills your jails, supplies your alm-  
shouses and demands your asylums. It  
engenders controversies, fosters quar-  
rels, and cherishes riots. It crowds  
your penitentiaries and furnishes  
victim for your scaffolds.

"It is the lifeblood of the gambler,  
the element of the burglar, the prop  
of the highwayman, and support of  
the midnight incendiary. It counter-  
poises the law, respects the throne, ex-  
tremes the philosopher. It vitiates ob-  
ligation, reverence, fraud and honors  
infamy. It defames benevolence,  
hates love, scorches virtue and slanders  
innocence. It induces the father to  
betray his helpless offspring, helps  
the husband to massacre his wife,  
and the child to grind the parental  
eye. It turns up men, consumes women,  
defeats life, curses God, despises  
Heaven. It sows a wilderness, curses  
paradise, defiles the pure, and  
vitiates judicial crimes. It decimates  
the citizen, biases legislation, dishon-  
ors attendance and disarms the patri-  
ot. It brings shame, not honor;  
terror, not society; despair, not hope;  
misery, not happiness; and with the  
malevolence of a fiend it cannot sur-  
vey the frightful desolation and un-  
solated havoc. It poisons selfishly,  
kills peace, ruins morals, blights con-  
science, stains reputations and wipes  
out national honor, then curses the  
world and laughs at its ruin. It does  
all that and more. It murders the  
soul. It is the sum of all villainies,  
the father of all crimes, the mother  
of all abominations, the devil's best  
friend and God's worst enemy."—Bar-  
nabai of God.

ENIGMA BOB SMITH,  
West Pro

—: THE  
**DRINK-DEMO  
DEATH**  
With Sergeant—

Gambling and Car-  
Life-Self Hambl  
on His E

(Conti)  
I WENT AS FAR  
JAW. I had made  
a new life and  
did want to live a  
When I arrived at  
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for me. I met wit  
bored their whiskey  
start, and when o  
to drink I could n  
the devil had such  
I stopped in Mow

A Terrible E  
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time. I think I w  
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Oh, I do thank God  
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God's Spirit too  
The Captain sp  
I told her that I  
SAVED.

I went again th  
at the close of the  
tenant wanted m  
told her, too, tha  
I would give up d  
I went again—I  
could not stay any  
the invitation wa  
Jesus, I started to  
go.

Down on  
and after a hard  
devil—for he did  
go—I got the vic  
fect A NEW MAN

A new creature  
things had gone  
had become new.  
cross, now comes  
wanted me in th  
tenant asked a b  
and I promised h  
A few days after  
tary.



Ensign Ben Smith, Morden, North West Province.

—THE—

## DRINK-DEMON'S DEATH-GRAPPLE

With Sergeant-Major Lowes.

Gambling and Carousing—Nick of  
Life—Self Humbled—The Badge  
on His Breast.

(Continued.)

I WENT AS FAR WEST AS MOOSE-  
JAW. I had made up my mind to  
live a new life and do right, for I  
did want to live a good life.  
When I arrived at Moosejaw I found  
that the devil was there ahead of  
me, and had my career marked out  
for me. I met with men there who  
loved their whiskey. They got me to  
start, and when once I got started  
to drink I could not control myself,  
the devil had such a hold of me.  
I stopped in Moosejaw eight months.

### A Terrible Eight Months

It was, drinking and gambling all the  
time. I think I went to two Army  
meetings, but I was so drunk that I  
did not know what they were say-  
ing. I often wonder that I did not  
strike me dead for my wickedness.  
Oh, I do thank God that He was so  
merciful to me. I got so tired of my  
life I could not rest. I thought that  
a change to Ontario might do me  
good.

On my way down I called at Moose-  
jaw to see my sister. After drinking  
and carousing around for a few days  
I went to the Salvation Army. The  
first night I was pretty drunk, and  
consequently did not know very much  
about what was going on. I went  
again the next night.

God's Spirit took hold of me.  
The Captain spoke to me.  
I told her that I WOULD NOT GET  
HAVED.

I went again the next night, and  
at the close of the meeting the Lieu-  
tenant wanted me to get saved. I  
told her, too, that I would not, but  
I would give up drinking.

I went again—for by this time I  
could not stay away—and as soon as  
the invitation was given to come to  
Jesus, I started for the pentent-farm,  
got

### Down on My Knees,

and after a hard struggle with the  
devil—for he did not want to let me  
go—I got the victory, and rose to my  
feet A NEW MAN.

A new creature in Christ Jesus, old  
things had gone away, and all things  
had become new. Now comes the  
cross, now comes the fight. I felt God  
wanted me in the Army. The Lieu-  
tenant stuck a badge on my breast,  
and I promised her I would wear it.  
A few days after, I started for On-  
tario.

It was a struggle for me to wear  
the badge before my old companions,  
but God helped me not only to wear  
my badge, but to show by my life  
that I was a changed man.

After stopping in Ontario for about  
three months, I returned to Moose-  
jaw, and attended the meeting. One  
of the comrades asked me to come on  
the platform. I went. The Lieu-  
tenant asked me for MY PASS.

I told her that I had got saved  
here about three months ago, and  
that I did not know I had to have  
a pass.

She asked me to write for a pass  
from the corps that I attended while  
in Ontario. I intended to do it, but  
in the meantime the devil whispered  
in my ear, why write for a pass?  
You can go to the church. They will  
take you without a pass if the Army  
won't.

I yielded to the impulse and went.  
I soon found that I was in the wrong  
place.

I began to go back in my soul.  
I could not be obedient to God and  
go to church. God wanted me in the  
Army, and there I had to go or go  
back to my old life. Although I did  
not go back to my old life, yet I went  
back far enough to cut off my com-  
munion with God. I had to repent  
and do my first works over again.  
And I believe that it was the best  
thing that ever happened to me, be-  
cause it humbled me and made me a  
wiser man. God has to

### Chastise us Pretty Sharp

sometimes in order to bring us to  
truth.

I am glad He helped me to surren-  
der all. I find that perfect obedience  
brings perfect peace.

It is nearly three years since the  
Lord saved me. During that time He  
has been my Guide. I have had lots  
of hard fighting and a good deal of  
opposition, but through it all the Lord  
has kept me. I love the fight better  
than ever. Instead of going around  
the streets drunk I love to stand on  
the street corners and uphold

### The Saviour of Men,

or to take up a collection in the open-  
air, sell War Cry in the saloons, and  
take people about their souls.

WILL A CHANGE? I can hardly  
realize it! What can I do to repay  
the Lord for His goodness to me? I  
feel that I am unworthy of His mercy.  
When I think of my past life I fill  
me with shame to think that I had  
wandered so far from the God who  
had LOVED ME SO MUCH.

My all is on the altar. I'll take it  
back no more, NEVER, NEVER.



GRAFTON, N. D.—Surely the Salva-  
tion Army is growing in this place.  
Three souls since last report. Being  
quite drunk we did not take up a col-  
lection at the open-air, and were mov-  
ing off when a man ran after the Cap-  
tain saying, "Here, General, here,  
General," and putting a quarter into  
her hand turned away. We find many  
good and kind friends who are ever  
ready to stand by us. Some of them  
will make good soldiers.—Captain E.  
Keop, Lieut. Gibbs, Lieut. Anderson.

WINNIPEG—M. P. has passed off  
very successfully considering diffiden-  
ties. Just previous to this the corps  
raised over \$700, and taking into  
consideration that the people had the  
same week given to the Trades and  
Labor Demonstration \$500 for prizes,  
I am sure that you will be pleased to  
report that the same corps has raised  
the sum of \$125, beating last year  
by \$25. The Major, the Adjutant, En-  
sign Clark, and I were there for the  
week-end.—Captain Spencer.

HAT PORTAGE—Victory. Six souls  
erred for mercy during the week.  
Some have taken their stand as sol-  
diers. Ensign Laid, Lieut. Anderson.

EMERSON—Capt. Westcott some-  
what better, after a severe attack of  
bronchitis. Hit our target square in  
the eye. Things look up.—Capt. Petch.

BARRO—In one of the prettiest  
places (if not the prettiest) in N. D.,

right in the centre of a large farming  
district, with all the characteristics  
of an American city, with a "get  
there" on all you see being done even  
the long-hauls announce their games  
"to be played for blood." There is  
Broadway and Front street, a credit  
to any city, straight and wide, (not  
the sort that would break a rabbit's  
back getting around the corners in a  
half-mile.) Some of the stores are  
second to none in the Northwest.

"That's right." When one comes in  
sight of Broadway he realizes he has  
got into a city of fifty thousand in-  
stead of ten. Almost directly in the  
centre of this great city the Salva-  
tion Army has a nice hall, where  
nightly meetings are going on with  
good success. The people here are a  
benevolent lot. This is seen whenever  
we note for a collection in the open-  
air. May God bless and repay them  
for their kindness. Our crowds in the  
open-air are all that could be desired.  
Great attention given. The Chief of  
Police and staff are a credit to the  
city. They don't forget us. Six out  
for salvation, a number for sanctifi-  
cation, four or five want to be sol-  
diers.—Ensign Hughes.



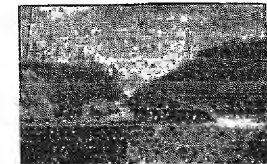
COLLINGWOOD.—Arrived with our  
war-horse, Maud, after a hundred  
mile drive. Never more determined to  
fight the devil. One poor drunkard  
cried for salvation.—S.E.

EXETER—Comrades are worthy  
of honor for the way they worked  
at H. P. God will reward them.  
Thank to the many donors. Orders  
came for me to say good-bye. I can-  
not express how sorry I am to leave.  
Let us keep the prize in view. Jesus  
knows it all. I go in His strength.  
—Captain Lewis.

ST. CATHARINES DISTRICT.—  
Breaching the waves, magnificently,  
bending every effort to secure souls.  
Ensign Miles received a loving fare-  
well. Adjutant Miller welcomed, and  
seven backsliders returned in six  
weeks. Three are soldiers and two  
recruits. Two public services held.  
H. P. passed by. Series of special ad-  
dresses on special subjects. Much is  
being done to attract and interest,  
and convert.—Peggy Wagner.

NEWCASTLE—I see H. P. is a tell-  
ing success. I saw an ice-cream ma-  
chine attacked, and three freezers full  
disposed of. I saw the goods rapidly  
disposed of under the executioner's  
hammer. I saw Capt. Howcroft try  
her hand at H. P. saw the target  
struck. I further saw Ensign Ryer-  
s here gladly received by all the com-  
rades. Ensign Wale and the Warriors  
Band in the hearts of the people. Sol-  
diers and officers reported wonderful  
things in Toronto. I saw Sister Pow-  
erman booming the Cry. Capt. How-  
croft backed her against any other  
corps of this size in the Central. Come  
along, Major Compton, you will be re-  
garded with open arms. Soldiers! —  
Old Knowall.

SUDBURY—Good meetings, three  
souls at the cross. Soldiers on fire.  
Our motto is "no retreat." One of  
our soldiers who attended the big  
meetings in Toronto said he got filled  
with the Spirit of God.—Lieut. Wick.



GRAND FALLS—100 feet—and Leo  
Chute, Muskoka River.

TORONTO—Christianity meant to  
me that I would have to let Christ  
take up His abode in my heart and  
dwell there every minute of each day.  
To have Jesus dwelling in our hearts  
we must leave ourselves fully in His  
hands to do just what He wants us  
to do, and to pray often and earnestly  
for Divine strength to do His blessed  
will. It is impossible to do the will  
of God without first being born of  
the Spirit. Thank God, when I was

converted I had a strong desire to do  
the will of my blessed Jesus. I love  
to tell what our heavenly Father has  
done.

There has been a wonderful change  
in my life since I gave God my heart.  
Before I was converted I was a total  
wreck through strong drink and other  
terrible sins. I was so miserable and  
unhappy that I was truly tired of  
life, but glory to God I have been con-  
verted. Now I am happy. I am de-  
termined to keep my trust in the sin-  
ners Friend. Praise God for the Salva-  
tion Army, where I was converted.  
In one of the Shelters. It was the  
L.H. West on the corner of Victoria  
street and Walton avenue, Toronto,  
January, 1891. — Soldier, Richmond  
Street, E.C.M.



HALIFAX N.S.—Some have professed  
salvation. Several of our comrades  
have left us for other places, and  
some have been laid aside from sick-  
ness, making us short-handed. Still  
no surrender. There are sounds of  
farewelling in the air. We shall miss  
Capt. A. H. very much. God  
bless her. Some of our comrades have  
been through the fire of affliction.  
WESTVILLE, N.S.—The Lord help-  
ed us to strike our target. Friends  
very kind. Then orders to firewell.  
Good-bye—F. Knight, P. S. — Mrs.  
Knight and baby well.

FAIRSBORO.—Complete success.  
Struck target and led district.  
Friends liberal with help. Ensign Til-  
ley farewelled.—A. R. Boss.

PENOBSCOTIS—Grand meetings, hall  
full each night. Sell thirty Crye. One  
soul. It is indeed a delight to hold  
a meeting here.—Capt. Andrews.

NEWCASTLE—Meetings led by Cap-  
tain and Mrs. Pugh, Power of God  
felt. Mrs. Pugh spoke on the rescue  
work. One sister at night claimed  
pardon by faith. Lieutenant Smith  
present, but unable to take much part  
through ill-health.—Carrie Reeves,  
A.L.H.



PARIS—Capt. Lanza, who has been  
fighting here on account of sickness  
has had to lay down the weapons,  
we are sorry to say. She was taken  
to the hospital. Last account she  
was improving. She asks our com-  
rades in the war to pray for her.  
Holiness meeting a time of much con-  
viction. One soldier had got free  
again. Lots of fire.—Sec. McLaughlin.

INGERSOLL.—Target hit, but  
did not know where it's gone to—it's  
shot to pieces. Struck the other side.  
Country canvassed for miles around.  
Though the place has suffered terri-  
bly from the dry weather, the crops  
being burnt out of the ground in some  
places, the farmers helped us along  
abundantly. Meetings, Sunday, led by  
Captain Cockerill, Juniors taking ac-  
tive part. Monday the first customer  
came along and bought out eight dol-  
lars' worth of stuff. God bless the  
postmaster—Lieut. Liston.

### His Faith.

It is said that some years ago, when  
the Second Adventists were expect-  
ing our Lord to come, on a given  
night, many persons sat up to keep  
watch. Among the rest, a small com-  
pany in a rural district took up their  
position in a hay field. Hour after  
hour passed. At length, before day-  
break, one of the men, overcome by  
weariness, lay down among the new-  
ly-mown hay, and was soon fast  
asleep. One or two of the company  
were regularly inclined, and to com-  
pense their sleeping companion that  
the last day had really come, they  
set the haystack on fire. Standing  
aside to watch the result.

The poor fellow must have been a  
doubting, half-and-half Christian. If  
indeed a Christian at all. Awakened  
by the smoke and flame, he excitedly  
called out, "IN HELL—ISN'T THAT  
I EXPECTED?"







BRIGADIER JACOBS.

MAJOR HOWELL has called in. It is something new to the G. S. to be interviewed for the War Cry. Altho' inter, I beg to make an attempt.

"What about the prospects for the fall and winter, Major?"  
"Very good. We are arranging a splendid Soul-Saving Troupe, whose business will be to go to men camps, stir up interest, get as many souls saved as possible."

"Will the corps get any financial help from the meetings?"  
"Yes, the corps will get considerable help, that is if they make it such. My idea, after the spiritual part, is to do work that there is put into the hands of the corps something that will be attractive to the crowds, and save souls and help the corps."

"I understand exactly. If your brigade goes to a town and the people of that town are asleep, don't announce it well, put up the bills only a day before; and if the newspaper men are not up to date, all-wise, nineteenth century gentlemen, and only a few people come to the demonstration, the blame is on the town, not yours."

"Who is going to be in charge, Major?"  
"I expect to be myself, most of the time. When I am not there Adjutant Ayre will take the lead."

"Is there any prospect of any new openings?"  
"Yes. Up north we expect to open two or three right away, and one probably nearer the centre. The latest openings are doing well, and there is every prospect of a good work ahead."

"How about Hamilton; what has been done?"  
"A lot has been purchased on the corner of Rebecca and Hughson streets, which is a splendid site, in the centre of the city. The deeds are now returned for action."

"I presume you will be making some special plans for raising money for the new building?"  
"Yes, we need to work on our old plan of getting everybody interested, and collect our guarantees before the building starts."

"Very good, Major, but I hope you and they will hurry up and do it quickly, as the Commandant and the Property Board are anxious to do their part and have the building put up at the earliest possible date."

"How is the soul-saving work?"  
"I have just received word from several places, which are very good. Among them are the following: Barrie, seven; Gravenhurst, eight; Hamilton, four; Newmarket, two. Quite a few getting converted."

"How are the two new Toronto districts?"  
"Just the thing. There is something always on the bridge. There will be a little competition between Eusign Myers and Bessie Lowry. Both are energetic, and will not leave a stone unturned to make their districts a success."

**OH, THAT MAN!** ★ ★  
Of the Maritime Province or Canada.  
See Next Week's Cry.

Minister breeds misdoings.  
Unhumble knowledge is folly.  
Christ's cross branched out into our confusion.  
Much Bible without prayer leaves the soul unprotected and dry.

## W. O. P. Celebrations Thirteenth Anniversary.

The Greatest "Go" in W. O. P. The "Fire and Fury" Reception to Commandant—Monster Crowds—Citadel and Tent Both Overcrowded Sunday Night—Striking Open-Air and Demonstrations—Much Salvation Music and Merriment—Tip-Top All-Night—Many Souls Saved, Cleansing and Power.

LONDON'S "GO" is over. It was well announced, for had not huge posters been placarded and dodgers been distributed, in no small quantity? While streamers across street showed it, while the Desperados, with advertising house-on-fire and leather lungs, and dreadful drum, paraded the streets for days to make known the fact that London was to get a wakening up.

The London go was a surprise to SOME Salvationists, as well as many outside friends. In a city where not long since, try how you would, or demonstrate how you could, you couldn't get a full house, a building is now over-crowded, an overflow is not only anticipated and realized, but the extra accommodation provided fails to furnish sufficient room in which the crush of human beings desire to congregate.

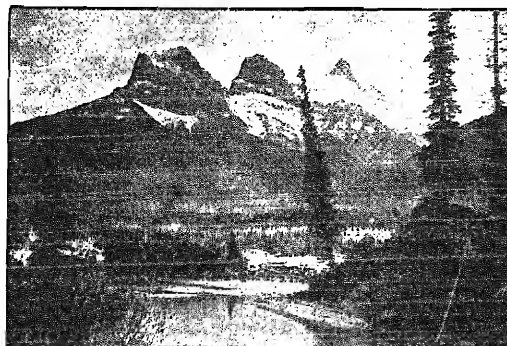
But the spirit and enthusiasm of the

Citadel, and many, many blessed and empowered to do his whole will.

The Commandant is not only a born leader, and powerful prophet of the living God, but is a brave fighter. Though sick in body, like a Briton he fought, stood to his position, shouldered his gun, and fired straightly, surely, accurately, and effectively at the built-up men's hearts and consciences every time. Nor would he "let up" till the 4.30 a.m. train bore him away to Toronto direct from a real red-hot, white-heated-half night of prayer, only to resume another such innings in the E. O. P.

### SATURDAY NIGHT—Royal Reception—Torch Lights—Red Fires—Brass Bands.

FOR MANY WEEKS Brigadier Margetts and his little staff had been planning and scheming to make the W. O. P. Anniversary a grand success. Anxious care, thought, and prayer had been given to all the details of this campaign, and thank God for it all, we were not disappointed. SATURDAY NIGHT was the opening of the campaign, and it was led by Brigadier Margetts, assisted by the



THE THREE BROTHERS, Pacific Province.

officers, soldiers and handmen, who from east, west, north, and south came up to sing and shout, and do and demonstrate according to the will of their leaders without a hitch. A grumble, an angry word, or an apparent unkind feeling, but with a bursting desire to bless others, to save souls, and only to get for themselves more of these gifts and graces which will secure greater success in the prosecution of such a mission, though often carried on amidst the sternest difficulties, and above all not only cheerfully sacrifice the loss of time, toil and wages, but to pay their own way cheerfully to do so, means much more than mere crowds.

If, however, "knowledge is power," then the troops of the W. O. P. will be more powerful in the future than in the past, for have they not all learned "more of God"? The Holy Ghost manifest, under which our devoted Commandant has spoken and labored, the powerful, pointed truths which he has declared, and the graces and blessing running through and over all, could not fail to produce other than such an effect.

But souls are what the Army seeks. It was to save them that God called our beloved General to stand alone on Mt. Sinai in old Egypt, and though thirty years may have passed, and in new London thirteen years of faithful fighting may have been continued without a single day's cessation, comparatively speaking, and many, many hearts may have been hardened and consciences become callous and congested, yet, bless God! it is the joy of the writer to state that souls were saved, others suc-

ceeded, and many, many blessed and empowered to do his whole will. At 9.45 a.m. we formed in procession and marched to the depot to welcome the Commandant. Soon we were on the Market Square, where the rank and file, and a great crowd of sympathizers gave the Commandant a royal reception.

The Commandant spoke for a few minutes, asking us to unitedly go in to make this campaign the best in our history. How pleased we were to see the Commandant amongst us again; his presence is always an inspiration, and our hearts went up to God that his visit might be crowned with blessing and success.

ADJUTANT TURNER.

### SUNDAY in the Citadel—Joy Reigns—Crowds Overflow into the Tent.

GOD MET WITH US in the morning in the Citadel. We left feeling the Commandant's remarks had been very beneficial.

Sunday Afternoon.—The Lassies' Brass Band and Desperado Brigade took a very prominent part in the open-air demonstration. Some liberal donations were given before the Army proceeded to the Citadel, where the Commandant, although feeling under the weather, gave an able address, which saint and sinner both received much benefit from.

On Sunday night a great crowd filled the Citadel, a number having to retire to the tent, where a meeting was in swing for the overflow, conducted by the Desperado Brigade.

There the devil lost one of his followers and joy reigned in Israel. Commandant spoke convincingly on the advisability of going forward. He was followed by Major Streeton, who gave some illustrations of the destruction to those who sat still.

Other speakers touched upon the same subject, a number giving themselves up to fight for God or die.

### MONDAY—Councils—Monster Ring in the Market—Notables Testify—Souls in the Assembly Hall.

SHORTLY AFTER 2 P.M. the officers of W. O. P. met together in the week-night meeting hall for council. When the Commandant arrived on the scene he was greeted with a hearty volley of welcome. We were oh, so glad to meet our leader again! After song and prayer the Commandant occupied our attention and greatly interested us with facts and figures. Our hearts were cheered and we praised God with loud voice that in spite of mountains of difficulty still we are going onwards.

AT 7 P.M. a goodly number met at the Citadel to take part in the open-air proceedings. The procession, headed by the Lassies' Brass Band, followed by the Lassies, then London brass band and the ladies, proceeded through the principal streets till we arrived at the Market Square, where a monster ring was formed and an open-air meeting held, led by Brigadier Margetts. The L. B. B. sang, Eusign Wiggins sang, several notables testified, and with the collection it was a lively time, and crowds flocked around, to whom we were only too pleased to make known the joys of His salvation. The march back was an answer, and advertised the meeting in the Citadel.

As we returned from the open-air, and I saw the Commandant, so worn and weary, looking upon us from the Provincial Headquarters office window, I prayed again that the Lord would strengthen him and endow him with power from on high, and the Lord did wonderfully uphold. After the first song and prayers the Commandant, with Bible in hand, stood forth. To the precious souls that filled the assembly hall he poured forth such straight, hard-hitting, unguishable truths that everyone could not but feel their true relationship toward God. When the Commandant finished, a number of comrades spoke of their knowledge in the power of God. Then into the prayer-meeting we went in faith.

One brother rushed out to the penitent form sorrowing over sin. Soon a little lassie came along, and then another brother, making three.

A. S. H.

### TUESDAY—"Webster Falls to Supply Words"—Heaven in London—Boiling Pitch.

THE COMMANDANT was unable to be with us for the morning session, owing to his weak condition, and Brigadier Margetts found that he had a long-desired opportunity of a talk with his officers' congregation.

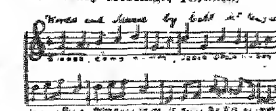
Preliminaries over, we had a solo, "The Army's marching on." There was no uncertain sound about the singing of that chorus.

The Brigadier, with shining countenance and a happy glow-to-God, we are the people sort of look in his eye, took hold, and after sandy smiles and a few repetitions of "I didn't tell you," acquainted us of the fact that the W. O. P. had not only hit our H. P. target, but left it away behind.

Compliments were plentiful and everybody rejoiced in everybody else's victory.

The dear old Cry came on the boards next.

This is the chorus that won the Commandant's prize of \$5 at the 13th Anniversary Meetings, Toronto.



What shall we say of the afternoon sitting? Webster fails to supply a word that comes near describing it. It was one of those beautiful, soul-inspiring gatherings that can never be described. The Commandant, weak but willing, took charge. From business things drifted into an intensely spiritual atmosphere, and how that meeting could be surpassed for warmth, love, and unity of spirit would be hard to tell. Who, I wonder, can ever forget the loving, earnest, soul-stirring counsel that fell from the lips of our beloved leader?

The open-air bandstand at night was well arranged, and it seemed that whatever corner you poked your nose round there was an open-air in progress at boiling pitch. Inside, a beautiful crowd. Burning truth and shouts of victory.

The Commandant's address was like all his addresses, a red-hot, straight-to-the-point, beautifully worked out appeal to the hearts and consciences of the crowd. What a beautiful sight was that sea of upturned faces? Testimony was followed by a burning appeal from Mrs. Margetta, who seemed to literally pour out her soul. Soon the cry arose, "The first has come!" as a young man flung himself at the feet of Jesus, and he was not the only one.

—C—

### WEDNESDAY—The Last of the Feast—A Glorious Climax—All Night of Prayer—Thirty Rise for the Blessing.

THE J. S. WATTS occupied the forenoon's council. The discussion of the subject by the officers and the fresh proposals of the Commandant for the advance of this branch of the work was highly interesting.

THE AFTERNOON was devoted to the spiritual welfare of the officers. God came wonderfully near, and helped the Commandant to deliver a masterly address. We saw our weak points and fulfilled ourselves on the same as a result of this council. Our worthy Chief Secretary, Colonel Holland was present at this meeting and spoke with power and profit to all.

Immediately after the close of the council, the Commandant and Staff met in Adjutant Turner's quarters for supper. Our leader's talk on the possibilities of an officer was gulped down by us all, and was as reliable as the nice tea which Mrs. Turner had prepared.

We met at 7 p.m. for a "speciality" march. First three mounted B. O's, in red and white, led the way, a host of color-bearers bearing their colors followed, the rank and file, the drum majorettes, the social wagon, rescue officers in a life-boat, the J. S. warriors, the men in red and their special uniforms, and the war chorist, the whole illuminated by beautiful colored lights. Crowds lined Dundas and Richmond streets.

The Commandant's anniversary address was full of encouraging information, and clearly showed that Commandant to make this an interesting and advancing. The bands did meetings. First, the Lassies' Band, then Chatham, with their neat, soldier-like appearance, nicely polished instruments, and sweet music, while Woodstock, which has stood the front of the battle for years, also favored us with a selection.

The Commandant was on hand to lead the "ALL NIGHT OF PRAYER." From the very first that name was thrillingly new. After some hours singing the meeting was thrown open for testimonies from those possessing a clean heart as to how they obtained it. Then the Commandant read. For over an hour and a half absolute holiness was dealt out. About thirty rose to their feet to claim the blessing, every one in the building then rising and re-consecrating themselves afresh. Then the glory came. Major Streeton sang a solo; a brigade of Newfoundland officers sang a chorus, and amid shouts of victory the meeting was closed, and our leader hurried off to catch the 4 a.m. train for Toronto.

"No work"



War Cry boomers preach Christ in places and in a fashion where none else go. God bless them.

### A Deserter Tells His Tale.

A RUNAWAY U. S. ARMY MAN, WHO SURRENDERED AFTER GETTING SAVED IN THE U.S.A.

#### Written Behind the Bars.

FORT MISSOULA, MONT. I left my home when I was at the age of seven. I was like a great many other boys: as soon as they think they know wrong from right they think they know more than their fathers.

Being able to

#### Walk the Slack Wire

at that early age, it was my greatest desire to become a showman. When I was living at Lamar, Missouri, Sells Brothers' circus came through, and I ran from home, intending to go with them, but my father caught me before it was too late. Then we moved to Texas. It was there I left home and went to San Antonio, in the same State. From that place I started out on the road the devil had intended for me.

I went on the variety stage as a slack rope walker. I worked there for \$20 per week. I left there and went with a New York travelling menagerie, and I stayed with them until we got to Burlington, Iowa. It was there I first went with

#### A Ring Show,

or in other words a circus. Our accommodations were so limited that some of us were compelled to steal our own beds. In every town we stopped at we would go out and steal all the tin plates we could find, and sell at the next town what we did not need for ourselves. It was only a joke, as we thought, to rob a man who was half drunk. We stayed out three weeks and broke up, and then I got tired of show life and went farming. I soon got tired of that. I was too honest a living, so I went to St. Paul.

While there I thought I would go back to the show life again, so I got

an engagement with the Belle Gilbert Dramatic Company. I went on the stage again and travelled with her for two seasons, and then I drifted back to St. Paul.

I happened to see the Stars and Stripes, and that soldiers were wanted for the U. S. Army. I enlisted, and was sent to Fort Assiniboine, Montana.

While there I got in with a bad lot, and got to drinking pretty hard. Two of my comrades and I got a twenty-four hour pass for the purpose of going to hunt. We went hunting all right, but we soon tired of hunting game and went to hunting whiskey. The next morning I awoke in the foot hills, and I started back to the Fort as I thought, but instead of getting into the Fort I got on the Canadian side. I was afraid to return, so I thought I would join the Northwest

#### Mounted Police Force.

It was here my troubles began. I was a member of the police force for three years, and out of that three years I did two years and six months in jail. It was all through whiskey and sin. I wanted to be tough, but now I can see where I was wrong.

I was discharged as a bad character, and came back to Great Falls. I went to work again on the stage in the Park Theatre. I worked two weeks, and went to Sand Coulee and gave a show. Then I went into the coal mines to work, but as I was not coal mines to work, but as I was not ready to do I quit that for they used to carry out from one to five men a week, sometimes more. They have carried out TEN MEN IN A DAY; so I went back to the stage once more. From there I went to Kalispell, Spokane, Missoula, Helena and Butte City. I worked in all these places, and was known as "KID LEON."

It was in Butte City I was saved, and I am still saved, glory to God! BEING A DESERTER, I gave myself up. I do not know what they are going to give me, but one thing I do know, Christ is with me. I am as happy as a child of a King can be.

It is in the below that used to have his face blackened up.



BLOOMFIELD.—"We'll bring the women right to the front, and make the cowards and the doubters sweat." So we do. E. H. P. motion picture, Capt. Walker with us, and Lieut. Norman. Special music and singing, organ, guitar and cornet duets, and songs. Blessed time. Target struck—Lieut. McNaney.

### The Salvation Tent Down East

MONCTON.—Lieut. McIntyre met us at the station. A tent meeting had been announced, so the brethren worked like beavers to get it up, a platform built, etc. Good meeting. Capt. and Mrs. Pugh sang as a duet, accompanied by Mrs. Pugh's guitar and Captain's concertina. Thursday night a Social meeting, led by Capt. and Mrs. Pugh. The string band gave us sweet music. Mrs. Pugh spoke of the Rescue work. Capt. Lorne received orders to leave us and go to Elberta to hold on. Friday afternoon, War Cry selling. We went down to the car works with eighty-five War Crys, and very soon disposed of the lot. It is a pleasure to sell War Crys in this way. At night a splendid open-air, and fair crowd inside. Lieut. Pierce led the testimony and sang a solo. Mrs. Pugh read.

Saturday reinforced by Ensign Gossels, with his violin. Counter attractions in the open-air, among them being a German band, but the Army got the crowd, and kept it, too. Inside a big crowd. Ensign Gossels called for the testimony of two married men, duly given; then followed two married women, then two single brothers, but when he called for two unmarried sisters only one stood up. What a lot of married folk there must be there! Ensign Gossels gave an earnest appeal.

Sunday beautiful knee-drill. A business meeting a nice crowd. Lieut. Pierce sang "Saviour, I know Thine lovest me," and Mrs. Pugh read. One aged brother yielded himself to the Master. Afternoon, large open-air and good collection. Ensign Gossels sang, "Tip-top testimony." One brother said that his heart used to be a cesspool, another that his heart had been filled with gas. Then a Methodist brother in the audience declared that we all needed lots of dynamite. Ensign Gossels sang "Joy, joy, joy," and said that some people's experience was "Jaw, jaw, jaw," but he was thankful that the Lord could give them a new one—that of joy. Lieut. Pierce sang "Heaven's Jubilee," very sweetly. Also a solo from Captain Prince, who is at home resting.

At night we admitted no children, yet the tent was full. One sister professed christianity.

Monday night was the H. P. sale, so all that day saleable articles were carried into the tent, until there was quite a display. I believe you, a jeweller kindly gave us a nice silver mug. We had a wonderful market, coarse straw hats, rubber boots, blankets of grain, and homemade torches. It drew the crowd. Our open-air was immense. They came to the barracks, too. Ensign Gossels sang "Salvation, Holy Spirit," which we all waved our hats. Two sisters fell at Jesus' feet. When they rose to their feet the husband of one walked up and stood beside her. When the converts had spoken he added his testimony and expressed his gratitude. With joyful hearts we went on with the sale. The people bought well. Monday ends the week of tent meetings, so this ends the special correspondence of "MAX."

BOZEMAN, MONTANA.—It is just one month since the S. S. saved the town. Some have taken their stand for Christ. The people of Bozeman are a beautiful, wide-hearted lot for helping anything that will benefit their town. The members of the different churches have greatly assisted in the meetings, as have also their people. We believe there will be a band of people, who more or less raised up, who shall stand for Christ to the end of time. Amen.

### MORE JOLLY

Our "Life and

N. H. S. "N

Drops Anchor at "Mont"

Beautiful times here we have the hall with us from H. M. which is lying along here. FOUR GOOD JACKETS they are the Lighthouse on the just picture found boys out on the way having to bottle up station, and then I tell you, comrades bobbed up, singling. They all are Lighthouse they have headquarters.

The sailor boys with us from H. M. steers into port here. Jack Tare will be them we hope. T boys are candidates one for Canada and medals.

THE LIGHTHOUSE went to steer past the battleship, can get overhauls launched once more ocean of God's love, but to see a total of sail out again, set.

### "ACCEPT A

Said Montreal

"Will"

THE CITY OF THE "W"

Not a moment was the celebrated steamer "Booth" was fastened. McMillan formed soldiers from Montreal had given the Navy our welcome, and a



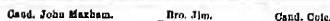
**Wednesday, Tuesday, Monday, Sunday**

TON.—Jlent. McIntyre met us

day reinforced by Ensign, with his violin. Counter attacks in the open-air, among them a German band, but the Army in the crowd, and kept it, too, in the big crowd. Ensign Countess for the testimony of two married, duly given; then followed married women, then two mothers, but when he called for unmarried sisters only one stood out a lot of married folk there! Ensign Countess gave the next appeal.

Why night was the first. I said that day suitable articles were into the tent, until there was a change. I ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> I kindly gave us a piece of straw hats, rakes, pitchforks of grain, and lumps of iron, and sent the crowd. Ours was lumpy. They came cracks, too. Kuzma (Cousin Salvation, Hooty," where we waved our hats. Two states Jews' feet. When they rereft the husband of my waver and stood beside her. While Iverts had spoken he added I and expressed his gratitude. With joyful hearts we went. He said: The people brought. Monica ends the series of songs, so this ends the special degree of "MAX."

MAN, MONTANA.—It is a month since the S. A. lived down. Some have taken the cross for Christ. The people of Bozeman are a beautiful, whole-hearted people, helping anything that will benefit their town. The ministers of the different churches have gathered in the meetings, we have a large number of people, and of people, who now are interested up, who shall stand up for the end of things. Amen.



## Our "Life and Glory Boys."

**Drops Anchor at "The Lighthouse,"  
Montreal.**

Beautifol times here, especially now, when we have the halibut Jack. There with me, the H. M. S. MAJESTIC, and this is Lydia alongside the dock here. FOUR GOOD, GODLY BLUJ JACKETS they are. They stormed the Lighthouse on Saturday night.

Just picture four halibut sailors, hys out on the water for a time, and having to bottle up their glorious satisfaction, and then just think of them stepping ashore and drawing the cork on a bottle of champagne. It must have bubbled up singing praise songs, shouting. They all are good singers. The Lighthouse men have made their headquarters.

The sailor boys will be with us for two weeks. The "WILLIAM BOOTH" steers into port here (D.V.) The jolly Jack Tar will be with us to receive them we hope. Two of our sailor boys are candidates for the work, one for Canada and the other for Jamaica.

THE LIGHTHOUSE is still shining bright to steer poor human wrecks into the hateful dry-dock, where they can get overhauled, repaired and hunched once more out into the full beam of God's love. Oh, it's beautiful to see a total wreck steer in and sail out again, with all its rickety rig.

LIEUT. FLETCHER.

**Sold Montreal to the Cruiser  
"William."**

THE CREW OF THE "WILLIAM" AT MONTREAL.

Not a moment was lost. Just as the celebrated steam yacht "William Bhoth" was fastened up, Commodore McGillivray formed into line, with the sailors from Montreal I. and II., who had given the Naval Brigade a flourishing welcome, and headed by the vis-

## The Gambler's Dupe

MONTREAL, SHILLER. — ONE YOUNG FELLOW, well dressed and looking very respectable, came into our meeting, this day being his first day in town. The following is his testimony: Two weeks ago my father died in Valleyfield, leaving me four hundred dollars.

I from there went to Cotan Landing with the intention of trying out my money. I met a friend—as I thought—who enticed me into a gambling house.

He asked me if I ever played cards.  
"I told him "No."  
"Oh," he said, "you will soon learn."

**Fool I Was!**

I started to play, and after a while I lost 25c, then 50c, then \$1, and so on up to \$10.

I was just beginning to see how the game was played, and thinking I should like to win back what I had lost, I started to play for \$10 a time. Not a cent came back, but my four hundred dollars dribbled down to five dollars.

Oh, how bad I felt! I left the place and bought a ticket to Ottawa, but I got off at Lancaster and took train to Montreal. Landing on Saturday noon, I have been wandering around all the afternoon and wondering where I should put up at night.

I somehow or other wandered on to Cannon street, and there

### The Singing Attracted

me. I stood looking in the doorway, till the Lieutenant invited me in. In I went, just as the Captain was speaking of the Prodigal Son, and how he spent all his money. This seemed to break me right up. I always did have a desire to do what was right.

So when the invitation was given up I went to the penitent form. Although I knew nothing about your religion, having been raised a Catholic, yet I believe God has saved me, and I mean to try the Salvation Army road, for I have had enough of my own.

With this our friend asked us to pray for him. Sunday all day he was at his post, testified three times. Monday morning he called in with his Bible under his arm to see us. Last night, Tuesday, he called in to tell us he had got work, and was going to keep true to God. Thank God for the cleansing blood.



Have you an evil temper? Oh, how many are kept out of the Church today by the unlovely tempers of those within! "Temper is made up of jealousy, anger, pride, uncharity, cruelty, self-righteousness, touchiness, dog-

gedness, suileness," and I should like to add revenge and murder. Now this temper is not the work of God. No; then it must be of the devil.

The leaves men follow, but the cup  
of Christ's agony they leave.

**Sold Montreal to the Cruiser  
"William."**

THE CREW OF THE "WILLIAM" AT MONTREAL.

Not a moment was lost. Just as the celebrated steam yacht "William Bhoth" was fastened up, Commodore McGillivray formed into line, with the sailors from Montreal I. and II, who had given the Naval Brigade a fouring welcome, and headed by the vis-

### Fruit

There was a man wounded who lay all Sunday night in a tent held by the rebels, on the ground, in the wood, un-  
cared for. During the night and ear-  
ly morning, and the rain and the  
or artillery, there came vivid back  
to him the text and all the argument  
of a sermon he had heard twenty  
years before. The Holy Spirit sent  
home the impression of that night;  
and the need, twenty years buried,  
sprang up, and brought forth fruit  
in his conversion. He lived six weeks  
to give testimony to God's goodness.

### One Man Out.

Only one man paraded, and he attracted more attention than the "Industrial Army" would have done. It rained a little, but the brave soldier of salvation plodded through the mud. With one hand he held a cornet to his mouth, and with the other he held a drum. The drum was strapped to his person. The drum was heavy, but with the weight of his shoulders he held his head aloft and blew religious inspirations through the cornet. His good right hand was on the drum stick, and the man went down the street as proud as a king on coronation day. "He kept step perfectly," said a military man in describing the performance. The right wheel made at the post-office and the man took it, and rode a fine one. Two hacks and a horse stopped to let him pass! The music was just as good as the Army in its best days ever made. The best of discipline characterized the parade, and it was followed by a crowd far larger than the procession itself. The "Sun."

**"Love Now!"**

"I wuz a bada man," said the Italian, "w'en I wuz a young man. I had a ver' bada temper. When I get twenty-one years I wanta getta marry; be gooda. I see a girl, but I no love her. I marry her. I find out how to love her. I wanta go away after t'ree month's. I tried to love, but I couldn't. I ran 'way and worked in a tailor shop. I go to Italy. One day de boss say lady wuz bad. I go to see de lady. I say, 'Your wife. I say.' Whuse baby that?' She say, 'your baby.' I go back here. I wid her, but run away again soon. I got three children now, but I always feel like I wanta run away. I feel tired." He then told in detail how he had run away from his wife twelve times. "One time I say to her, 'We go Chicago. She go to ferry; I get to see de boat.' She say, 'You are tired.' He then thought of his wife's disfigurement. "But I lota my wife now. When de Salvation Army come to my boy go, my wife, too. I klicka de head, 'I klicka go klicka.' I'm a Christian now. We pray. I pray to love my wife." —"Tribune."

Thus it is

A tiny acorn fell upon a great rock. "Please hide me from the cold," whispered the acorn. The rock allowed him to slip into a narrow crevice where he was sheltered from the winter's storm, and was quite forgotten. When the spring came the little acorn awakened and sprouted, and soon began to grow. The rock complained, "I could not cast the acorn out years ago, and the tiny sprout has grown into a great tree, and the huge rock was rent asunder and hurled down the mountain and dashed to pieces. True it is with A LITTLE SIN."

The Turkish Ambassador in London is reported to have shed tears when personally told by Lord Salisbury that he would be played with no longer over Armenia. There must be a tender side to the Turk after all. Till a pity, however, these precious crystals were not spent over the desolate homes and broken bodies of the martyred Christians.

Who learns and learns, and acts not  
what he knows,  
is one who plunges and plunges, but  
never gains.



CITY OF MONTREAL.





# Poll Cott:

A TALE OF A TERMAGANT.

STAFF-CAPTAIN STEPHENS.

## II.—Enforced Emigration.

Poll grew impatient of her mother's authority and began to disregard it altogether. She was guilty of many little acts of disobedience, which, of course, led her further astray and caused intense grief to the parent who was so wrapped up in her. She went like all wayward, headstrong children—from bad to worse—and getting her name inscribed on the bad books of the neighbors, came to be looked upon as a real scapegrace.

Poll had picked up with a number of girls of careless, reckless habits, and she and her associates became a source of annoyance and anxiety to Mrs. Maguire, who, in spite of occasional flagellations by which she endeavored to hold the girl in check, was fast losing all control of her daughter.

"Poll Maguire, list! here's yer mither coming pating after ye like the blazes wid a stick as thick as Father Peter's own!" Thus the galling crew of colleens would acquaint Poll of Mrs. Maguire in search of

## Her Recreant Daughter.

"'Are ye seen my Mary this time?' the distracted woman would ask, as she cast a suspicious glance at her daughter's questionable associates. 'I sint her out this morning for a pinch of tay an' a morsel of cheese, and not a sight hly I seen of her since.'"

Poll's companions, ever on the alert to play a joke upon the poor mother, would say—

"'Eh, the fagot! the graceless wench!' while Poll chuckled secretly from an adjoining hedge. 'To throat her mither the like. Sure we seed her over at Pat Murphy's an hour ago afore he waked his grandmither.'"

"Over at Pat Murphy's? An' ye're sure it wuz my Poll ye saw?"

"'Aye, it wuz Poll roight enough, wid a brown skirt an' a red shawl.'"

"'Yes, shure, mo own red shawl, and me, a decent woman, racin' iver'ywhere for her wid nothin' to kiver me but the skirt of me old gown.'"

"'Well, ye'll foad her at lat's, Mrs. Maguire. She's awfu'!"

## Busy Wid the Whuskey

an' the company over yinder."

Poll's mother, beset with many a doubt, would look askance at her informants, and subject them to a pretty carolous cross-examination, which they invariably went through with stolid indifference; and inclining to a belief that her daughter's habits would lead her to seek the company of those who usually gather at an Irish wake, she would set out in quest of the delinquent. Pat's cabin being a couple of miles away, over a rough and boggy road, an hour or two would elapse before the poor, travel-stained woman could reach home after the wild-goose chase on which she had been sent by her daughter's heartless friends.

In the meantime Poll would emerge from her hiding-place, while her companions, considering the whole affair a joke, would

## Scream With Laughter

as soon as the poor mother was out of earshot.

"'Aye, but she's in a moighty tare wid ye. She'll be tellin' the priest of ye, sure as ye name's Poll Maguire.'"

"'Well, it's 'Goodnight' to ye, thin, me darlint, for it's in bed I'll be drimmin' an' snorin' when me mither comes home,' and away the heedless girl would go towards her mother's cabin, her bare feet seeming scarcely to touch the ground over which she sped.

Mixing as Mary did with the most graceless women of the place—women grown old in sin—'divilment' as she, in spite of her mid-cap ways and love of sin and mischief, had never dreamt of—she often met her mother at utter defiance, and would go galivanting about at all hours with her loose companions.

But at length she was brought to an abrupt standstill. Having failed to find company with a woman older than herself who was breaking the laws of the country, Poll was carried to the lock-up and charged with an offense which brought her under the penal code.

Poor Mrs. Maguire! Her hunt for her "darlint" ended at last

## At the Prison Door.

What her grief was like we will not attempt to describe. A woman of decent family, and herself held in respect by all who knew her, the sense of disgrace which she experienced must have been very keen indeed. Sorrow followed sorrow, for with the disgrace came the wrench of separation—a wrench which the widowed mother felt as one of the worst drops in her bitter cup. The poignancy of Mrs. Maguire's grief knew no bounds, for the love she bore her wayward child was passionate in the extreme.

A short delay—a time of insufferable suspense to the distressed mother—and the day fixed for the girl's trial came round. Poll would gladly of the offense with which she was charged, and sentenced to transportation—a sentence English judges had a particular fondness for propounding in the days of which this sketch speaks.

She had to leave the land of her forefathers for the land beyond the broad expanses of ocean, truly in those early days looked upon as an unexplored country whence no traveller was likely to return.

The embarkation was a heartrending scene. Soldiers and warders, armed and in readiness for any attempt at escape or rescue, guarded the pill-boxing convicts as they passed down to the ship, eyed and manacled like wild beasts. It was sad to reflect that these men and women, who

## Had Human Instincts,

and many of whom had once had hopes and aspirations similar to ourselves, were doomed to a convict's life on a distant, almost unknown strand. There many of them would live in exile from the loved land of their birth, with the crown of a sorrow's sorrow—that of remembering happier things—resting on their disappointed and broken lives. Among Poll's convict companions were many older men and women, who, in spite of scowling, sullen countenances, broke down on stepping from their native shore to the vessel that was to be their home and prison for one hundred or more dreary days. Witness their manacled hands they would cry in the intensity of their sorrow, "Ould Ireland, dear ould Ireland!"

Along the shore and on the old wooden pier were crowds of relatives and friends—fathers, mothers, and children of the prisoners—stricken with grief, wringing their hands and bewailing the fate of those who by force of the law were being torn cruelly from them and rudely hauled along the plank which led to the transport ship.

At last there stepped upon that fateful plank the slight figure of a girl in her teens. Dressed in the grey convict garb, with the broad, arched cap complete upon it, with her black, curly hair cut short, and wearing the regulation cap, it would have been difficult for anyone to recognise in that sad, strange figure Poll Maguire.

It needed, however, no effort on Mrs. Maguire's part to recognise her daughter, disguised and disfigured by harsh penal regulations. From a group of sympathizing friends there rushed a woman, prematurely old and grey, shrinking her daughter's name in accents which pierced the hardest heart.

Ignoring the poor creature, the girl waved her arms in affected jollity at some of her old companions in the crowd, and in sheer bravado danced a jig upon the plank to the accompaniment of a popular hackneyed air. But above the girl's heartless song there rose

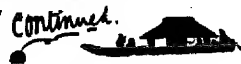
## The Mother's Shriek

—a shriek the terrible agony of which blanched the cheek of those who heard it, and scared even the birds which flew about the rigging of the convict ship. It resembled the fierce cry of a wounded animal remorselessly robbed of her young. With that heart-broken cry a pair of arms were stretched out with all a mother's yearning to clasp and shelter her child.

A beam of the afternoon sun glanced from the white face in the crowd to the rounded cheek and girlish features of the young convict, who danced, as it were, a dance of death. The expression in the eyes of the mother was appalling in its agony or grief.

With arms stretched towards the vessel she rushed forward weeping, and flung herself into the water which separated her from the child she loved.

The girl heard the splash and the agonizing shriek, but scarcely changed her defiant demeanor. Ere she was marched below decks she saw friendly arms dragging the unconscious, half-drowned figure of her mother to the shore, that mother whom she was never to see again.



## Experience Melodies.

Tunes—"Stand up for Jesus," B. J. 23; "Marching on to war," B.B. 54, or "Starry night for a rauble."

We're soldiers in the Army,  
For God we'll dare or die;  
We'll beat our drums for Jesus,  
Our Army flag we'll fly.  
We care not what the folks may say  
About our blood and fire;  
But still we'll march for Jesus,  
Of it we'll never tire.

Chorus—Repeat last four lines of each verse.

We'll march the streets for Jesus,  
And ransack all the town,  
And tell to all the folks we meet  
What pleasure we have found;  
Though many scorn us on the march,  
With a flag marked "blood and fire."

But o'er my grave this flag shall wave,  
If God my soul require.

Then light on, Army soldiers,  
And happy music make,  
Though by the world we're counted fools.

'Tis all for Jesus' sake;  
Then when the battle's over,  
And victory we've won,  
We'll go to dwell with Jesus,  
To wear a starry crown.

SERGEANT-MAJOR HOBBS, Bird Island Cove, Newfoundland.

Tunes—"Let your lower lights be burning," or "Always cheerful," B. J. 43, or "Room for Jesus," B.J. 18.

Have you heard the voice of weeping?  
Have you heard the wail of woe?  
Have you seen the crowd that's thronging  
Down to hell and endless woe?

Chorus.

Are your hearts now yearning, comrades,  
For the dying masses round?

They the Saviour's love are spurning,  
Let them hear that grace abounds.

Look at yonder little children,  
Without home or mother dear;  
Of a Saviour's love they know not,  
Nor His voice to bless and cheer.

Look at yonder staggering drunkard  
Wandering on sin's stormy way!  
Precious soul, he can be rescued,  
Saved and happy night and day.

There's a girl, once pure and spotless,  
Sheltered by a mother's care;  
Out upon sin's way she wanders,  
Who will rescue, who will dare?

Shall we try and save them, comrades?  
Save from sin and endless woe;  
Bring them to the blood of Jesus,  
Who will wash them white as snow.

Second chorus.

Yes we will, by God's great mercy,  
Bring them to the Saviour's side,  
Clothe them with God's full salvation,  
Bless them with the sanctified

BRIGADIER SCOTT, St. John, N.B.

Count Anhalt, a princely preacher, was wont to say "that the whole Scriptures were the swaddling bands of the child Jesus. He being so found almost in every page, in every verse, in every line."

By shaking the magnetic needle you may move it from its place; but it returns to its position as it is left to itself. In like manner believers may fall into sin; but no sooner do they wake to reflection than they repent, and endeavor to amend their ways, and resume a life of godliness.—Gott-hold.

# HOLINESS.

BY WALTER SCOTT, GUELPH.

A VAST MULTITUDE of professing Christians of every sect, creed, and color have an intellectual and theoretical knowledge of entire sanctification (and some can expound the doctrine very explicitly, too,) but experimentally they are as ignorant of this Divine blessing as Nicodemus was of the second birth. However, experience teaches that spiritual ignorance of this priceless blessing not only impedes the soul's advancement in the Divine life, but renders it a philosophical impossibility to fulfill the royal law of love to God and man.

NOW, I have no merely theoretical or theological understanding of the doctrine to advance or expound, for the blessed Lord has given me

## An Experimental Knowledge

of this Divine blessing, and I feel constrained by the love of Christ to impart that Gospel light and heart knowledge to other believers. However and wherever an opportunity presents itself; for in the whole range of truth taught in the Bible there is no doctrine more clearly expressed or emphatically commanded than holiness of heart and life. "Without which no man can see the Lord."

IF IT WERE not for the sanctifying grace of God in my soul, I am confident that I wouldn't be in the way of righteousness to-day, for the carnal mind (which is enmity against God) and the thralldom of inbred sin would have side-tracked me long ago and left me to grope my way through this world in spiritual darkness as a still-born ghost of a senseless sentimentality, but by submitting myself to the good government of Jesus Christ, and complying with

## The Conditions which Govern

the kingdom, the blessed Lord emancipated me from the depraving influences of an un sanctified soul, so that I could love Him with an undivided heart, and serve Him without fear (of anything that walks) in holiness and righteousness every day of my life. Glory to His name.

BUT, unfortunately, there are a great many Christians of the present day who will frankly acknowledge that they are not in possession of this priceless blessing. They look at those who make a profession of sanctification for an example of Christian perfection, instead of looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, and if they fail to come up to their ideal or standard of perfection in all the graces which characterize holiness, they denounce the doctrine as a hobby, and declare the impossibility of its attainment in this life.

Now, let it be intelligently understood that sanctification does not make humanity infallible in this life, nor exempt us from mistakes in judgment or practice (although the sanctified soul is less liable to err than the un sanctified) but sanctification

## Destroys the Works of the Devil

In the human heart, root and branch, leaf and stem, fruit and flowers, and restores all our faculties and energies into the mind and will of God, thereby doubly increasing our facilities for advancing in the Divine life. Therefore the unscriptural measurement of a true disciple of the Lord Jesus and denial of the doctrine does not alter the fact that it is gloriously possible for every believer to have an experimental knowledge of the sanctifying grace of Jesus Christ, thus empowering them to overcome the infernal batteries of the world, the flesh and the devil, and walk in all the commands and ordinances of the Lord blameless. Hallelujah!

He who neglects to do good will soon fall into evil.

\*\*\*\*\*

"He did evil because he prepared NOT his heart to seek the Lord."

\*\*\*\*\*

So Jonathan became mighty because he prepared his way before the Lord.

# MENT!

## ULES:

ate also or Bonnets, state size not one dollar.  
over one dollar, except single Cape  
piece.  
of order, the balance in the letter  
are shipped.  
balance.

## TUTOR!

## Personnel Instruments.

The Rediments of Music.  
The Band Drum.  
The Side Drum.  
The Ombala.  
The Triangle.  
The Tamborine.

a of pieces, different styles,  
with good cover  
Y 25 CENTS.

## IONIALS

DID YOU SAY?  
only. What do you think  
is for a start?

New Haven, Conn.  
Aug. 24th, 1895.  
Toronto,

I received my mail  
and am delighted with it. The  
mail.

Yours in Jesus,  
E. W. W., Capt.  
Huntingdon, P. Q.,  
August 10, 1895.

Y. CARTER. — I received my  
mail and consider the waterproof.  
It fits me first class, and I am  
Yours faithfully,  
J. K. H.

Newcastle, Aug. 26th, '95.

STANLEY. — I received my jacket  
on Saturday evening, and am  
with it. I enclose sample of  
it for you to let me know what  
to have a dress made up from  
with and without speaking  
pink that perhaps in about  
be able to send you another  
rd to have an idea that it  
to a better and more expensive having an  
far away, but I find I can  
such cheaper, besides helping  
C. R.

L. A. L. B.

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and Ordinary price 15c  
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## S' RAINPROOFS

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3 Measurement Forms mailed  
free.

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50s, 60s, 85s, and \$1 10  
rd. Send for sample,  
mailed free.

## FOR GREAT

REDUCTIONS  
of Winter ULSTERS and  
ES. Announced later.



### THE COMMANDANT

WILL VISIT  
ST. JOHN'S, Newfoundland, Anniversary, October  
11th to 15th.

#### The Yacht "William Southey"

With her Naval Brigade, under the command of  
Adm. McMillan, will visit St. John's, Oct. 4; Bon-  
naville, Oct. 5; St. John's, Oct. 6; St. John's,  
Oct. 7; St. John's, Oct. 8; St. John's, Oct. 9.

#### Light Brigade Provincial Agents' Appointments.

Captain Scobell—Staples, Oct. 4; Leamington,  
Oct. 5; St. John's, Oct. 6; St. John's, Oct. 7;  
Amherstburg, Oct. 8; Windsor, Oct. 9; St. Cath-  
arines, Oct. 10; Bothwell, Oct. 11, 12.  
Major Ross—Staples, Oct. 4; St. John's,  
Oct. 5; St. John's, Oct. 6; St. John's, Oct. 7;  
Amherstburg, Oct. 8; Windsor, Oct. 9; St. Cath-  
arines, Oct. 10; Bothwell, Oct. 11, 12.  
Major Ross—Staples, Oct. 4; St. John's,  
Oct. 5; St. John's, Oct. 6; St. John's, Oct. 7;  
Amherstburg, Oct. 8; Windsor, Oct. 9; St. Cath-  
arines, Oct. 10; Bothwell, Oct. 11, 12.

#### West Ontario Province.

BIGADIER MARSHALLS will visit Tilsonburg,  
Oct. 4; Simcoe, Oct. 5; St. Thomas, Oct. 6;  
Cassville, Oct. 7; Dresden, Oct. 8; Wal-  
laceburg, Oct. 9, 10.

The TIGER BRIGADE, composed of A.P.H. Turner  
and Dr. Mrs. Logan, will visit Watford, Oct. 4;  
Stratford, Oct. 5; Watford, Oct. 6; Watford,  
Oct. 7; Watford, Oct. 8; Watford, Oct. 9;  
Thamesville, Oct. 10; Chatham, Oct. 11, 12.

## MISSING!

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential,  
and must be addressed to Herbert B. Booth, Com-  
mandant, R. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the  
word "Missing" on the corner of the envelope.

1024. Philip Stapleton. Who stopped at  
the R. A. Temple, in Toronto, in November, '04. Last  
heard of in St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A. American Cry  
please copy.

1025. Gilyatt, Mrs. Jane. Left her  
family, near Charing Cross, Kent County, West  
Ontario, fourteen years ago. Her maiden name was  
Jane Hopper. She was born in Dartmouth, N.S., in  
1848. She was about 5 ft. 8 in. in height; dark hair;  
grey-blue eyes, and had a scar across the left fore-  
finger. Will she, or anyone knowing her where-  
abouts, communicate with her daughter, Beulah  
Gilyatt, London, or Fred Gilyatt, King St., Chatham,  
Ont. United States and Canadian Cry please copy.

1026. Oliver, Joseph and Hannah. Left  
Stirling, Ontario, in 1888, and were heard of in  
Arkansas, and when last heard of was work-  
ing in a mine at the same place. The couple Louis  
will be glad to hear from him, or anyone knowing  
his whereabouts. American Cry please copy.

1027. Standish—Perry, Marjorie. At  
the age of thirteen left St. John's, County Kerry,  
Ireland, for Toronto, Canada, in 1887. Was last  
heard of in Toronto, September, 1888. Was then  
living with a family named Hughes. Has since  
married, but name of husband unknown. Took her  
mother's name, Perry, when she first went out.  
Sister Mary and Sarah copy.

1028. Reid, John Elphinstone. 59 years of  
age; single man; tall and fair. Last heard of 15  
months ago from Nauvoo. Was a miner when he  
first went out, but after a serious illness had to get  
some occupation on the surface, it is thought some-  
thing in buying or selling. Sister Catherine copy.

1029. Goodrum, Ben. Age about 23 or 24.  
Last heard of in April, 1907, from Winnipeg, Man.;  
was a street porter, but number of homes was  
811. Sister Nellie copy.

1030. Murray, Barbara. Age 50. Left  
Bookland for Canada on 2nd September, 1880, and  
has not since been heard of. She went out to a home  
there with Miss Sterling, Hillfoot Farm, Nova Scotia,  
Canada. Answer Brother John copy.

1031. Jones, Thomas. Age 47 or 48. Tall  
and fair. Left Liverpool about 1848 or 1849 in the  
brig "Penelope" for South America and thence to  
Quebec. Last heard of in 1853, was then living with  
a Mrs. James Hayden, Watford Tavern, Hammond  
Harbour, Quebec. Was then working in the lumber  
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## The "Island Colony's" Turn

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\* HURRAH FOR NEWFOUNDLAND! \*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## THE :: ANNIVERSARY :: DEMONSTRATIONS

WILL TAKE PLACE IN  
The City of St. John's  
FROM Friday, October 11th,  
TO Tuesday, October 15.

## THE COMMANDANT

WILL CONDUCT

Powerful Revival Meetings  
ASSISTED BY THE PROVINCIAL SECRETARY, MAJOR  
SHARP, MAJOR STREETON, and a host of Staff and  
Field Officers.

Great Reception Meeting and Anniversary Address on Friday  
—Soldiers' Council on Saturday Night—Officers' Councils  
Monday and Tuesday.

COME - IN - THOUSANDS - AND - COME - IN - FAITH.



### Holiness Appeals.

Tune—"Roll on, dark stream," B.J.  
31: "Denton," D. J. 197, or  
"Grace of God," B.J. 40.

I hear a Voice in tenderest tone—  
"Give back to Me what is Mine own;  
Yield now your body, spirit, soul,  
And I will make you fully whole."

#### Chorus.

Speak on, dear Lord,  
I will obey Thy voice;  
Thy holy will shall be henceforth  
My only choice.

"Your former sins are purged away.  
I want your heart to dwell within.  
To cleanse from every evil thought,  
That you may serve Me as you ought."

"Your former sins are purged away.  
But I can keep you every day;  
Can keep from sin and wrong desire,  
And fill your soul with heavenly fire."

"Your joy should no more fade away.  
Your peace flow on from day to day;  
Your lips should no more silent be,  
But filled with messages from Me."

"The Jesus calls and calls again.  
He shall not speak to me in vain;  
I gladly will obey His voice,  
And make His will my only choice."

#### Tune—"Take all my sins away."

Jesus, my Lord, I come to Thee  
With trembling fear, yet eagerness;  
I feel my faith is weak and small,  
Oh, with Thy Spirit bless!

#### Chorus.

Oh, with Thy Spirit bless!  
Oh, with Thy Spirit bless!  
Jesus, my Lord, I come to Thee!  
Oh, with Thy Spirit bless!

Thy perfect love I mean to feel  
Within this empty heart of mine;  
My idols, Lord, I freely give;  
Fill with Thy grace Divine.

Chorus—Fill with Thy grace Divine!

Oh, let Thy love come now within:  
Cast out all other thoughts but  
Thee;

I will be Thine, yes, fully Thine!  
Oh, come and live in me!  
Chorus—Oh, come and live in me.

My God, Thou knowest all my heart:  
Oh, take me, take me as I am!  
Oh, let my life be one with Thee!  
Pour in Thy healing balm.

#### Chorus.

Oh, come and live in me:  
Oh, come and live in me:  
Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry.  
Oh, come and live in me!

#### Sinners Invited.

Tune—"Where do you journey?" B.  
J. 171.

Oh, why do you tarry, my brother?  
The time is fast passing away.  
And soon you must stand in the judg-  
ment.

Oh, what will you then have to say?  
Chorus.

What then will become of your soul?  
What then will become of your soul?  
You're nearing the end of life's jour-  
ney.

What then will become of your soul?  
A life spent in fashion and folly,  
Oh, sister, what then will you do?  
With offers of mercy rejected,  
And eternity open to you!

My brother, the grave is before you.  
And death's shady vale you must  
tread:  
Yes, shortly your seat will be empty.  
And you take your place with the  
dead!

CAPT. JOSH JONES, Oshawa.

Tune—"Fighting on," B. J. 25.

Will you come? will you come? there's  
salvation for you.  
If the broad way you leave and the  
narrow press:

There is nothing but death at the end  
of that way,  
So come leave the broad for the nar-  
row today.

#### Chorus.

Come away, come away, come away,  
Come away,  
Leave your sins behind, perfect peace  
you'll find,  
No longer from the Saviour stray.

There is love, peace and pardon for  
you if you come  
Then why won't you follow while yet  
there is room?

While the Saviour is waiting His  
grace to bestow,  
Oh, why won't you plunge in the  
bright crimson flow?

Oh, why do you linger along the  
broad road  
when Jesus is waiting to hear all  
your load?  
He has purchased your pardon on Cal-  
vary's tree,  
And all who will come from their  
sins can be free.

CADET HARRIS, Freeport, N. S.



Jennie Habbick, Winnipeg ..... 10  
Cadet Habbick, Winnipeg ..... 11  
Sister Mrs. Campbell, Grand Forks ..... 12  
Cadet McBride, Winnipeg ..... 13  
Sister Agnes Lloyd, Grand Forks ..... 14  
Carrie Shaw, Hamilton ..... 15  
Mary Jones, Hamilton ..... 16  
Sister Hill, Fort Porage ..... 17  
Sister Weaver, Fort Porage ..... 18  
Carrie Glen, Kingston ..... 19  
Mrs. Barker, Kingston ..... 20  
Missie Woods, Peterborough ..... 21  
Mrs. George Fisher, Peterborough ..... 22  
Sister J. A. L. Carleton ..... 23  
Sister O'Brien, Grand Forks ..... 24  
Sister Taylor, Grand Forks ..... 25  
Sister Stoddard, Kingston ..... 26  
Sister Cunningham, Montreal ..... 27

### COMPETITION SCRATCHES.

By THE SECRETARY.

Many years ago, when "I was young, and not  
was able to say what he liked without fear of offend-  
ing every body, there was a certain business man  
who wrote a long list of names, called "Oxygen  
the Spirit," wherein many of them were com-  
mended on their successful work, and many others  
scolded because of their lack of it. This was  
his list of "Scratches," and is now in charge of one of  
our Frontiers. A well-kept and carefully-kept  
index!

The "Competition List," with all its failures  
and successes, was numbered: No investigation took place,  
and consequently it has been forgotten. But "Scratches"  
was not forgotten. And though for years we have heard nothing  
of the tragedy in connection with the above-named  
the ghost has shown, and threatened, with a vengeance,  
and to come more force upon the  
public, claiming and demanding its revenge, and  
to claim the attention of the whole world.

Like all other ghosts, it seeks not the light of  
good and faithful people, but will haunt the memory  
and mind of any who should fail to do their duty and  
neglect to be in the safe or the War Cry.

By way of introduction, it might say that a  
very long time ago, "The Spirit," has the average  
amount of his influence. He was a good thing, but  
now it, can appreciate enterprise, and the "stuck-  
up, blue-eyed, old-fashioned" habit makes it a  
local circumstance, and has a special bias in the  
direction of hard work, and lots of it.

Last week I listened for it. The Spirit had  
addressed you to face the first man, and who knew  
what was to be expected? Let it be understood, from  
this time on, that my family eye are open, and  
we will be the first to find any of it.

### Eastern Honor Roll.

Sister Fern, St. John's ..... 115  
Mrs. Emma Oughton, St. Stephen ..... 116  
Sister Anne, St. John's ..... 117  
Sister Grace, St. John's ..... 118  
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Sister Mary, St. John's ..... 120  
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Sister William, St. John's ..... 122  
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Sister Edward, St. John's ..... 125  
Sister Joseph, St. John's ..... 126  
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Sister John, St. John's ..... 129  
Sister William, St. John's ..... 130  
Sister George, St. John's ..... 131  
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Sister Edward, St. John's ..... 133  
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Sister Joseph, St. John's ..... 198  
Sister Thomas, St. John's ..... 199  
Sister James, St. John's ..... 200

By the way, and brothers,  
I'd like you to know in this  
"Frontier," Frederick, Tennessee. New Canada,  
Haitian, etc., are coming. Do they and War Cry  
to the church? Where are these names, oh, where  
are these names?